I ſend thee *Warwicke* ſuch a meſſenger,
As ſhall reuenge his death before I ſtirre.
War. Poore *Clifford* how I ſcorne thy worthleſſe threats.
Yor. Will ye we ſhewe our title to the Crowne,
Or els our ſwordes ſhall plead it in the field?
King. What title haſt thou traitour to the Crowne?
Thy father was as thou art, Duke of *Yorke*,
Thy grandfather *Roger Mortimer* Earle of *March*.
I am the ſonne of Henrie the fift, who tamde the *French*,
And made the Dolphin ſtoupe, and ſeazd vpon their
Townes and prouinces.
War. Talke not of *Fraunce* ſince thou haſt loſt it all.
King. The Lord protectour loſt it and not I,
When I was crownd, I was but nine months olde,
Rich. You are old enough now & yet me thinkes you loſe,
Father teare the Crowne from the Vſurpers head.
Edw. Do ſo ſweet father, ſet it on your head.
Mont. Good brother, as thou lou'ſt and honourſt armes,
Lets fight it out and not ſtand cauilling thus.
Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, & the King will flie.
Yor. Peace ſonnes.
Nor. Peace thou, and giue King *Henrie* leaue to ſpeake.
King. Ah *Plantagenet*, why ſeekeſt thou to depoſe me?
Are we not both *Plantagenets* by birth,
And from two brothers lineally diſcent?
Suppoſe by right and equitie thou be King,
Thinkſt thou that I will leaue my Kingly ſeate
Wherin my father and my grandſire ſate?
No, firſt ſhall warre vnpeople this my realme,
I, and our colours often borne in *Fraunce*,
And now in *England* to our heartes great ſorrow
Shall be my winding ſheete: why faint you Lords?
My title's better farre then his.
War. Proue it *Henrie*, and thou ſhalt be King.
King. Why, *Henrie* the fourth by conqueſt got the crowne
Yor. 'Twas by rebellion gainſt his Soueraigne.
King. I know not what to ſay, my title's weake.
Tell me, may not a King adopt an heire?

War. What then?
King. Then am I lawfull King, for *Richard*
The ſecond, in the view of many Lords,
Reſignde the Crowne to *Henerie* the fourth,
Whoſe heire my father was, and I am his.
Yor. I tell thee he roſe againſt him, being his Soneraigue,
And made him to reſigne the Crowne perforce.
VVar. Suppoſe my Lord he did it vnconſtrainde,
Thinke you that were preiudiciall to the Crowne?
Exet. No, for he could not ſo reſigne the Crowne,
But that the next heire muſt ſucceed and raigne.
King. Art thou againſt vs, Duke of *Exeter*?
Exet. His is the right, and therfore pardon me.
King. All will reuolt from me and turne to him.
Nor. Plantagenet, for all the claime thou layeſt,
Thinke not king *Henrie* ſhall be thus depoſde.
VVar. Depoſde he ſhall be in deſpight of thee.
Nor. Tuſh *Warwicke*, thou art deceiued? tis not thy
Southerne powers of *Eſſex*, *Suffolke*, *Norffolke*, and of *Kent*,
That makes thee thus preſumptuous and proud,
Can ſet the Duke vp in deſpight of me.
Clif King *Henrie* be thy title right or wrong,
Lord *Clifford* vowes to fight in thy defence.
May that ground gape and ſwallow me aliue,
Where I do kneele to him that ſlew my father.
King. O *Clifford*, how thy words reuiue my ſoule.
Yor. Henrie of *Lancaſter* reſigne thy crowne.
What mutter you, or what conſpire you Lords?
War. Do right vnto this princely Duke of *Yorke*,
Or I will fill the houſe with armed men,
Enter Souldiers.
And ouer the Chaire of ſtate where now he ſits,
Write vp his title with thy vſurping bloud.
King. O *Warwicke*, heare me ſpeake,
Let me but raigne in quiet whilſt I liue.
Yor. Confirme the Crowne to me and to mine heires,
And thou ſhalt raigne in quiet whilſt thou liu'ſt.
King. Conuaie the Souldiers hence, and then I will.